

THE GRAIL

GOES BRAINSTORMING

*Knighthood must
flower again*

*"In the name of
the Lord of hosts"*

FROM its inception, in May, 1919, THE GRAIL has pursued a straight, unwavering policy to bring into the homes of Catholics the advantages of their holy religion. How successful it has been God only knows, for spiritual values cannot be measured in terms of dollars and cents. Many a bed-ridden invalid, many an aged and weary parent has drunk deep of the fountain, imbibing the consolations and the strength of our holy faith. That THE GRAIL will continue to console and strengthen its readers is the ambitious hope of its new editors.

But now it also aspires to the well-nigh hopeless task of crowding onto the reading table of our youth. "Every man hath his gift," and the young have theirs. Energy that is tireless, activity—not always the most purposeful—that is ceaseless, make it hard for our young people to read what they ought to read. Perhaps we have not served youth as we should—or in our eagerness to assist, we may have tried to force too much distasteful food down their unwilling throats.

At heart youth is not bad. The young people of 1937 are no worse than their grandparents were in 1877. They are *different*. But that does not make them worse.

THE GRAIL is hopeful of youth. They can scarcely make a worse muddle of the world than their elders are doing. If properly instructed they can and *will* redeem the world from its slippery and dubious route.

Youth is willing to be instructed, but not in long-winded lectures, not in milk and water stories; not in pietistic poetry. Youth wants facts without the trimmings.

By THE EDITOR

Of course, we have no intention of slighting our faithful readers of the older generation. They may not always see eye to eye with youth, but we know that they are sympathetic with any effort to assist youth.

As it appears to THE GRAIL knighthood must flower again. We are surfeited with the so-called realism of hard facts, with a pragmatism that spurns and belittles the ideals of blooming youth. We hope to see our growing youngsters not only proud of their faith, but enthusiastic about it. We hope to see the day when religion will be such an integral element in their lives that whether they are confronted by daring temptation or whether they are caught unawares in the slimy folds of the infernal serpent, their actions will be guided by right principles instilled deep into their hearts. If anything can instil these principles, it is Catholic literature.

Even though true, it is hard to believe that each month hundreds of tons of pornographic and salacious material are dumped upon our reading public. Against this Goliath of evil THE GRAIL, like puny David, intrepidly whirls its sling and "in the name of the Lord of hosts" runs to meet the Philistine.

Humbly but confidently, then, THE GRAIL asks for a place on your table. We are happy to dedicate it to the home. We lay it on the altar of your hearth—our offering to the Model Family of Nazareth, to the hard-working, brown-knit foster father, to the solicitous and loving mother, and to the Divine Youth, who was obedient and subject to them.

Ties of blood are rent
asunder, homes are
broken up, hearth-
stones are cold—be-
cause men will not
learn the lesson of
love.

By Anneke Van Zindran

ILL WIND

THE CINDER in Mr. Adam Prentice's eye persisted wickedly. It made him cross. He stopped in front of a convenient store mirror to look, but when he reached his office, things were no better. He was thinking of boracic acid and hot water, when Miss Lewis hurried in.

Now Miss Lewis was an earnest young woman who had left the Order Department of Jennings-Brown, Inc., to become Mr. Prentice's secretary. Material increase in pay had been a mere two dollars a week, but many of Miss

Lewis's qualities had been augmented. For instance, earnestness. She waved a telegram and said brightly, "A Seattle order, Mr. Prentice."



Mr. Prentice glared weakly at her with his good eye. "I have said, Miss Lewis, that all Coast orders

are in Johnson's province."

"But—"

"We've gone into this thoroughly. You must be more resourceful in these matters, Miss Lewis." A tear coursed slowly down his cheek. Frankly one-eyed and beyond office dignities, he departed hurriedly.

Miss Lewis tossed the telegram on a desk, "Old donkey! Well, he can just take the consequences!"

She proceeded to the Order Department. Her target was Rosie McDonald, who sat hunched over her work, painfully nearsighted.

"Miss McDonald, you made two errors on the Sales Report yesterday. You'll have to be more careful."

Rosie squinted upward. Her eyes burned. Her back hurt. She wanted to say a number of things, but words stuck in her throat.

"All right," she muttered.

Miss Lewis smiled. She felt better now.

Soon Rosie went to the telephone. "Ruth," she said, "I've asked you three times for Mr. Rollins in the Auditing. It don't matter to you. It's not important. But sometime today, please, get me Rollins."

She hung up abruptly. What she had meant all along was that she, Rosie McDonald, wasn't important. Nevertheless, she felt less futile. She seated herself behind the inevitable Underwood, her back a perceptible fraction straighter than when Miss Lewis had stood there.

Ruth Adler, telephone operator, jerked the plug from the switchboard. From Rosie McDonald, of all people. What a nerve! Old Squint-Eyes!

Tears of self-pity filled Ruth's eyes. Her head ached, from the wire head-band. She was tired of being an operator. She was tired of having Aunt Ebbie live with them at home when she had plenty of other relations. Aunt Ebbie, who got sarcastic about Joe, Ruth's boy friend, and who over-ruled Ruth's timid little mother on every point.

Her irritation mounted. She snapped into the mouthpiece, "Here's your Mr. Rollins, now."

When Ruth walked into her small apartment that evening, she could hear her mother's thin wail.

"Well, Ebbie, we don't like onions much. If I put 'em in the stew, Charlie and Ruthie won't touch it."

"Nonsense, Annie. Onions make a stew."

"Well," Mrs. Adler looked resignedly at the onion.

Ruth came in. "If mother wants to leave out onions, we will."

Aunt Ebbie sucked through her teeth, but she was not at a loss for long.

"When I was a girl we didn't eat 'em 'cause our beaus





wouldn't like it. But I don't see as refraining from onions has helped you any."

This reference to Joe was too much. Ruth's eyes blazed. The switchboard, Rosie's sarcasm, her headache, all cul-

minated in this remark.

"I'm tired of your knocking everything. Finding fault with mother, Joe, our apartment. You've got places to go!"

"Ruth," her mother twisted a corner of her apron.

Aunt Ebbie's bosom heaved, "Well," was all she could say.

Ruth ran to her bedroom, crying.

Her mother came in later. "Ebbie's packing," she announced.



Ruth knew she should be sorry. Ought to apologize. She sat upright on the bed. "Good!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Adam Prentice sat in a kitchen chair, a huge towel around his neck while Mrs. Prentice a stout, comfortable lady, poured boracic acid solution into his eye.

He looked up at her with a trusting gaze. "You know, Lucy," he confided, "Ouch, that's hot! I think I was a little harsh with Miss Lewis today. Maybe I'll give her those concert tickets we can't use."

"Now, Adam," his wife answered soothingly, "you couldn't be harsh if you tried. There! How's that?"

"Fine, dear, fine. Funny how a little cinder can upset a man's whole day."



Push Buttons and Sacramentals

J. Gastineau

THE VERIEST unbeliever sees nothing childish and superstitious about pushing a little button and illuminating a night baseball park or stepping on a starter, throwing in a clutch, and moving a ten-ton truck along the highway at forty miles an hour though seemingly, the pressing of a push button has no proportion to the sudden brilliant lighting of the ball park: stepping on a starter and a clutch to rolling a ten-ton truck along a road at high speed.

Is there any reason, then, that in the eyes of the average unbeliever the Sign of the Cross, or the devout use of the medal of St. Christopher should seem to be a disproportionate means for prevention of serious traffic accidents? Or that the faithful use of the Rosary should procure for the loyal child of Mary the benign influence of the Mother of God at the hour of death? Or that the wearing of the Oblate Scapular of St. Benedict establishes a dynamic spiritual union between the wearer and the Order of St. Benedict?

But the unbeliever claims that the electric push button is not a disproportionate means to an end. It sets electrical energy free which lights the ball park. Understand the mechanism of an electric switch, and your wonder is satisfied. There is no mechanism, the unbeliever claims, to explain the sacramental effects from the use of prayers and blessed objects. In the sceptic's eyes the use of such disproportionate means for the desired effect is pure superstition.

For one who believes in God, in prayer, and in the Divine authority of the Church, to attach power to the use of prayers and the use of blessed articles can never be superstition. Such a one believes in the efficacy of prayer, and in God's ability to use the weak and foolish things of the world to confound the wise. This is Faith. After all, the light of faith is a kind of understanding of the "mechanism" of sacramentals. For one who believes no explanation is necessary. For the unbeliever no explanation is possible.

*"The greatest artist is
always a devout man."*

HYPOCRISY OR CULTURE

James Emrich

BACK in the "gay nineties," when grandmother was in her prime, everything from cabbages and kings to fingernail polish and spats was immensely different from their modern quasi-reproductions. The tandem, or bicycle-built-for-two, now shown as a special attraction at the three-ring-circus, lost its romance in favor of the sport roadster. "In the good old days," hoop skirts, fashioned after the approved pattern of Queen Victoria, were worn by all society ladies, whether conversing at the ball or playing their weekly game of croquet; Politicians say that what this country needs is a good five cent stein of beer,—*"like ye olden times,"* but, whereas our parents could purchase a few dill pickles, a slice of cheese, and a pail of Bock Beer for a dime or less, our miniature glasses of fermented hops continue to appear and disappear in eight and ten ounce containers.

These numerous innovations, the natural offspring of a mechanical era, have affected our so called Modern Culture — our Modern Art. For, as we know, art reflects the spirit of the age. Thus, the sixteenth century summed up its uppermost desires and aspirations in the word "Reform"; the eighteenth century struck off its ideals and illusions in the word "Reason"; the nineteenth century hitched its restless and unsatisfied longings to the word "Progress," and to the word "Liberty." Finally, we pause at this stage of the twentieth century and stand perplexed to find the one word which would best hit off in a few syllables the complexity and diverse preoccupations that keep so many modern minds inconclusively astir. For, if we attempt to form an exact notion, this one word, we find ourselves holding in our hands a hopelessly en-

tangled mesh in which so many strands of theory and opinion interlace, intertwist, and crisscross, that one must possess a mind truly heroic to be able to hold it from reeling and from despair.

A hundred years from today what twentieth century musician will our greatgrandchildren class with Chopin, Mozart, or Schubert? And what compositions will be acclaimed as surpassing the "Ride of the Valkyries," "the Sextet of Lucia," or the deaf Beethoven's opera, "Fidelio"? Surely not Debussy and his "Afternoon of the Faun," for, although he radically disobeyed and changed the rules for standard harmony and gained such followers as Elie Siegmeister and Roger Session, nevertheless, he and his disciples have been criticised for having woven obscure themes together in a barbaric, vigorous, "red" style. Indeed, to play this heterogeneous hash, one must be perfect in technique, and still sound like a blind child vainly attempting to play "chop-sticks."

Our Halls of Fame overflow with canvases enlivened by the brush and artistic touch of the ancient masters: Raphael, da Vinci, Correggio, Botticelli, and Van Dyck. Will Raphael's celebrated "Madonnas," in future years, bow in favor of sensually adorned mermaids or those other modern portraiture, which gleam in bright controversial and disagreeing colors, and are lacking in imagination, soul, and beauty; inspiration and—perspiration? Will the future generations appropriately place them outside a burlesque house, or stuff them with nitroglycerin and gently shove them into the yawning mouth of Vesuvius?

Today we are passing through a thoughtless

period which we may aptly describe as the Deluge of Print. The novelist, the journalist, the poet, the pamphleteer, the lecturer, every manner of scribbler, has given the printer's devil no rest or pause, and day and night pour down the inky cataracts to deluge us with print and yet more print.

And yet these same authors speak of a "New Poetry," "New Drama," "New Novel," "New Style of Expression." Either a thing is new or it is not new. If it is new, then history has again repeated itself. About fifteen years after Shakespeare's death, a "New Drama" appeared in London which interested the audiences because of its realism. But it lacked the beauty and wholesomeness of Shakespeare's plays, and, therefore, it has been discarded whilst his still live. An exaggeration of beauty is not art, just as an overpainted face is never pretty. In the eighteenth century the effect of the "New Drama" was a rebound. Writers disliked the use of persons of low birth in any composition; any word that seemed prosaic was avoided. Coffee was "the fragrant juice of Mocha's berry brown;" a spade was "an implement of husband-

ry;" a boot was "the shining leather that incased the limb," and a field of grain was insulted with "Ceres' golden reign."

Such is the homicide of symmetry, the flouting of classical laws, the rejection of "Beauty" for "The Beast." The hue and cry is aroused in favor of "Liberty in Expression." But they forget that our free country is protected by laws, and that a basketball team which has not observed the laws of training and the rules of the game will win no championship trophies. So also, art without laws is ugly and repulsive, e. g., the sad verse of an unorthodox poet; the thumpings of a discording musician, who never lets his right hand know what his left hand is doing. "Liberty" was the watchword of the nineteenth century; our day will be described not as a liberty in expression, but as a disregarding of liberty and of rules. Our watchword will be "Lawlessness" and "Thoughtlessness." The "Lawlessness" and "Thoughtlessness" of Modern Thought acquired in a Godless education. For, "the greatest artist is always a devout man. A scoffing Raphael, or an irreverent Michaelangelo is not conceivable."

THE GOOD ALWAYS SUFFER

Lawrence Hughes

THE CHRISTIAN creed entails a vocation to suffer. Take the cross away from Christ and you have another religious leader. Return it to His shoulder and you have a God-Man. Between the gloomy protests of the Puritan that all joy is sinful, and the easy birth and death system of the modern irreligious age looms the Catholic interpretation of Christ's invitation: "Come, follow Me."

In saying that religion is the opium of the people the Communist leader was not altogether wrong. Christianity may be likened to a narcotic in so far as it makes suffering bearable. But that is all. Unlike a narcotic it does not make the body senseless nor the mind indifferent to suffering. On the contrary it engenders such a sensitiveness to suffering in the soul that the cross becomes its emblem and the Sacrifice its worship. We see the hospital nun devoting her life to the alleviation of suffering and the

cloistered nun suffering a life of self-denial to atone for the sins of others. Both the alleviation of suffering and the patient bearing of it are Christian virtues. Suffering itself is a means of Christian propaganda.

It seems futile to our human intelligence to try to convince the victims of the recent flood that their affliction constitutes a blessing from a loving and merciful God. Yet pastors of souls attest to a marked return to the Sacraments in the wake of the catastrophe. Nor was the flood district alone affected. The Nation heard the call of the distressed. All were concerned; all shared the suffering and deprivation by prayer and material contributions. Never so much a Christian nation as when we share each other's crosses. If it is an accepted fact that the good always suffer, it is no less acceptable that our Christian Faith thrives on suffering.

Christians though we be, it is not always

without apprehension that we accept our crosses. The memory of Christ sweating blood in Olivet's Garden in dread terror of the morrow supplies sweet solace to the sensitive soul. Our very weakness, since it convinces us of our dependence on God, strengthens our resolution to do His will. And whether we are spared the chalice or are ordained to drain it, as long as we say with Christ, "Not my will but Thine," our sufferings shall never surpass our measure of consolation. This consolation is the "opium" to which the communist referred. And verily it does transform life from a hum-drum existence to a happy pilgrimage.

For there is a difference between a pilgrim and a tramp. Both bear the heat of the day and the chill of the night. But one knows whence he comes and whither he goes. So he goes joyfully. The other knows only that each new horizon has betrayed his hopes. And so he goes desperately. The one suffers the trials of the journey, happy in the thought of its end. The other suffers them only because he fears the end. The one looks forward to a sanc-

tuary; the other looks forward to an abyss. Oft time they meet, swap tales, and oft times continue on together—two happy pilgrims going home.

My friend Eddie's tale has captured my mind. Eddie wanted to be a priest. But the hand that would absolve sinners is now helpless to wipe the sweat from his own fevered brow. Saints and sinners, cynics and believers have visited Eddie during the seven months of his passion. They came neither to console nor to be consoled in his superior suffering. They come, go, and come again (the testimony is their own) simply to enjoy the unforgettable—the

supernatural peace of his smile. Body broken, ambition thwarted, passion prolonged, life curtailed, Eddie thrills the throngs with his smile. Long ago the same Master who invited Eddie to shoulder the cross, gave him the solemn promise: "My yoke is sweet, my burden light." And today the respected circle of "shut-in" geniuses provides living testimony that the cross is not so much a monument of Christ's Passion as it is of His triumph.

BLESSING

If there be sunshine in the sky
Then that is good to know;
But there must also be some rain
For bloom of flower and growth of grain.
The blessing cometh so.

If there be gladness in my life
Then that is good to know;
But grief must come, else all is vain,
There must be joy, there must be pain,
If I would perfect grow.

If there be sun, if there be joy,
It lights this world below;
But God must also send his rain,
Some tears the fairest page must stain,
The blessing cometh so.

—RENA S. TRAVAIS.

THEY DO HAPPEN

Michael Mulcahy

THE MOST skeptical persons in the world—or nearly so—when it comes to believing miracles are the priests and bishops of the Catholic Church. It is easier to convince the hardened unbeliever of the miraculous nature of some strange phenomenon than it is to win over a theologian who has learned to be quick to discountenance exaggeration and to discard reports that are not well substantiated, to question what is doubtful and to denounce what is false. He does that to spare himself the embarrassment of seeing imposture and superstition pose as supernatural manifestations; to save himself the pain of seeing the cause of religion defamed.

Every theologian knows that suggestion explains many occurrences and many cures; he knows, too, that where the ailment is imaginary, the cure need only be

imaginary. However, he does, after due examination, admit the miraculous nature of cures that can in no other way be explained. The most powerful suggestion cannot instantly knit together broken bones, cure cancers, or organic maladies of long standing. Suggestion cannot explain the cures of children too young to understand suggestion. It certainly falls uselessly before such well attested miracles as the raising of Lazarus from the dead, the changing of water into wine, and the resurrection of Christ himself.

The writer once saw a widowed mother, whose son had drowned in the East River, and whose body had not been recovered after a three days' search, walk to the edge of the pier whence the boy had dived and pour upon the water the blessed contents of a small bottle. The body of her dead son rose instantly to the surface. A miracle? Well, it certainly wasn't suggestion.

969 YEARS -- WHAT A LIFE!

ALBERT KLEBER, O. S. B., S. T. D.

AFTER experimenting with 65,000 rats Dr. H. C. Sherman has discovered a formula for prolonging life a brief span, but like the fountain of youth that Ponce de Leon never found, his formula will not interest most of us who have long ago learned that "it is appointed to man once to die."

And still we long to keep on living; there is within us the consciousness of life eternal in some form or other, and we feel that it is not altogether natural to die. Every octogenarian we meet stirs in us that hope to live; yet in the wrinkled and withering face we read the capital punishment that God imposed upon rebellious man: "Thou shalt die the death."

Recording the life of the ten patriarchs from the time of the creation to the Flood, Moses, in the Book of Genesis, concludes these records: "And all the time that Adam lived came to nine hundred and thirty years, *and he died*. . . And all the days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years, *and he died*. . . And all the days of Mathusala were nine hundred and sixty-nine years, *and he died*."

At present, however, we are not concerned with the evident curtailment of life; what arouses our wonderment is rather the statement that from Adam to Noe and even for some time after Noe a number of persons lived hundreds of years—and enjoyed it! Adam and his descendants up to Noe averaged lives of nine hundred years.

It is over such an age that many a modern wiseacre shakes his head; so high an age is thought to be impossible of attainment. Some are condescending enough to suggest a solution that might make those high figures more acceptable. They say that the word *year* as used in those texts designates a period of time, one-tenth of the ordinary year. This solution evidently does not solve anything; it rather creates new difficulties, because if the word *year* as here taken were only one-tenth of a regular year, then some of the patriarchs would have

become fathers of children when they themselves were mere children. Moreover we see from the log book of Noe that he figured with days, months, and years of the same duration as ours.

Some object that so high an age is physiologically impossible. There is some truth in this objection in so far as it considers the strength and length of man's life in the setting of our times, life being weakened by the accumulated dissipation, vice, and disease of ages. But life, as it came from the creative hand of God, still was in its original vigor and, as it was lived, was simpler and truer to nature.

Even for our days lives of a hundred and twenty and more years are on record. On June 3, 1916, there died at Princeton, Indiana, a negress at the age of one hundred and twenty years. In 1915 there died at Westbrookfield, Ohio, Francis X. Gierstein at the age of one hundred and twenty-nine; his father had died at the age of one hundred and ten. Firemaker, chief of the Blackfoot Indians, at the age of a hundred and thirty-one (1912) showed no signs of dotage. In spring of 1913 a Mexican died who according to his baptismal record and other papers was a hundred and eighty years of age.

We should not reject a statement made in Holy Scripture just because we cannot understand it. We daily take for granted many things that we do not understand. We use electricity to light up our homes, to heat them, to drive our machines, to transmit our voice over the telephone and the radio; and yet scientists do not know just what it is. Would it not be folly to deny the existence of electricity? Again, scientists claim to have tracked down life to the cell; they even know the component parts of the cell,—and yet they cannot find just what it is that makes the cell live. Would it not be folly to deny the actual existence of life in that cell for the moment or the possible existence of life in Mathusala for the nine hundred and sixty-nine years?

Out of the *FLAMES of FAVERNEY*

Alfred Horrigan

NEAR the eastern frontier of France the River Lanterne swings past the little village of Faverney. As villages go, Faverney is quite unimportant; to the occasional visitor it appears rather tired looking and very much neglected by the world at large. There is about it, however, an air of serene confidence and repose; almost as though it realized that its name would echo in the corners of the earth as long as there were men who remembered that God was content to dwell in a wheaten wafer.

The startling story of Faverney's claim to renown is told simply in the chronicle of the ancient monastery of the village. This monastery, built by Burgundian nobles in the year 747, was first occupied by nuns but was later taken over by Benedictine monks. Here flourished a special devotion to the Mother of God under the varying titles of Our Lady of Pity, Our Lady of Mercy, and Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. With the passing of the years stories about extraordinary events of the monastery began to sift throughout Europe; stories of desperate pleas answered, of amazing cures effected, of life restored. Pilgrims flocked to Faverney to pay homage to Our Lady and with shining faith to plead their own cause.

As the sixteenth century was sweeping to a stormy close Faverney began to experience darker days. From time to time it became the witness of a bloody episode in the wars of the Reformation. Lutheran and Calvinist soldiers descended upon the region with the avowed intention of obliterating every trace of the Catholic religion. Armed with scythes and pitchforks the intrepid peasants arose in their wrath to hurl defiance in the face of the aggressors.

It was during this period of turbulent unrest that there occurred the events which were to identify the name of Faverney with the Holy

Eucharist for all time. The occasion was the great Pentecost pilgrimage of the year 1608. On the night of May 25, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed in the abbey church for the veneration of the hundreds of pilgrims who had gathered for the celebration. To insure a proper understanding of the subsequent developments the position of the monstrance during the service must be noted carefully. High up against the grating of the choir (a thing almost unknown in this country) an elaborate repository had been erected. The baldachin, draped with silk, lace, and embroidery, was supported by the soaring shafts of huge columns, while the monstrance itself in befitting splendor rested on a marble slab beneath it. Within the monstrance two hosts were exposed in order that the worshipers on either side might readily see the Object of their adoration.

As the night wore on, the pilgrims gradually withdrew. By eleven o'clock, the church was completely deserted. Only the glowing hearts of the sanctuary lamps kept their lonely vigil before the Blessed Sacrament. Just exactly what occurred during the night will never be known with certainty. It was not until three o'clock the next morning that anyone had an inkling that all was not well. As the sacristan swung open the doors of the church for matins, flame-streaked clouds of billowing smoke surged into his face. A scene of smoldering ruin was thrust upon his horrified gaze. All that remained of the church's furnishings was a mass of embers. The once magnificent tabernacle and baldachin lay in ashes, while molten metal indicated only too clearly what had been the fate of the candelabra. The marble slab on which the monstrance had rested lay strewn about the floor in scorched fragments.

Pouring into the gutted edifice the monks began to search feverishly in the debris for the

monstrance and its sacred contents. As the search progressed fruitlessly, a disquieting fear began to possess them that both had been destroyed. Suddenly there was an exclamation from one of the novices. Startled, the monks turned to follow his gaze to where it was fixed upon the monstrance suspended in midair just above the place it had occupied the night before. Although badly scorched by the flames, it was still overhung by a few shredded remnants of the formerly exquisite draperies.

With electrifying effect the report of the phenomenon spread among the people of the parish and neighborhood. Soon the church was jammed with an amazed throng. Their very numbers were instrumental in definitely establishing the miraculous character of the event they were witnessing. It immediately had been suggested that the monstrance was being supported by the grating to which some thought it to be fastened. This theory, however, was quickly refuted when the over-enthusiastic crowd pressed violently against the screen causing it to tremble, while the monstrance remained absolutely motionless. To eliminate the faintest grounds for scepticism various objects were passed around the monstrance proving beyond doubt that its suspension was unexplainable.

The next morning during Mass celebrated in the ruined church, when the priest reached the Consecration, as his lips formed the words "This is my Body," the monstrance began to sink down to the altar prepared beneath it.

At this point the tension of the congregation snapped. A vast wave of sound shook the building as the faithful sprang to their feet with unrestrained exclamations. It is recorded in the chronicle of Faverney that the sheer volume of the outbreak was such that those not in a position to see exactly what had happened flung themselves on the ground thinking the church was falling.

Without delay a thorough and critical examination of the miracle was initiated by the diocesan authorities. The testimony

of the witnesses inside the church was taken in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament still exposed. At a later date several rigorous investigations were conducted by the Holy See. The evidence was incontestable. The monstrance had remained aloft for at last thirty-two hours with absolutely no tangible means of support. During that time no less than ten thousand people had passed through the church. Numbered in this multitude were persons of every trade and class, of every degree of piety and intellectual attainments. It even is recorded that the many heretics who visited the scene were no less ready to pronounce the events miraculous than were the most zealous of the faithful. The descent of the monstrance took place in broad daylight in the full view of a large assembly. The corporal on which it came to rest may still be seen at Besançon where it is displayed every year for the veneration of the people. All the evidence gathered in the case is preserved to this day at Faverney; it flings an unanswerable challenge at the modern critics who have come to identify the terms miraculous and supernatural with mythical and legendary.

The subsequent history of the two Hosts contained in the monstrance is of more than passing interest. Several churches contested for the privilege of possessing them. The people of Faverney, however, refused to yield the custody of either until forced to do so by the Grand Duke of the Province, who insisted that one should be taken to Dôle, the capital of the

Province. Here it was preserved for many years until the fury of the French Revolution broke upon the city. A plunder-crazed mob proceeded to murder priests, profane churches, and pillage homes. The Church of Notre Dame was engulfed in the general flood of desecration, and the miraculous Host disappeared. To this day, however, in the little chapel of Faverney, on the reluctantly flowing Lanterne, there is revered a pinch of sacred dust, the remains of the other Host. All Christendom contains no more precious or venerable relic.



READING THE NEWS

by

Who Should Go to High School?

Hilary DeJean, O. S. B.

AMERICANS always boast of the democracy of our education. We have ever sought to give every boy and girl an equal opportunity to attain learning, and this not only as regards elementary but also higher learning. Moreover, in order to force learning even on the unwilling, most states have what is called compulsory education—pupils must attend school until they have reached a certain age.

On the surface this all seems very ideal. If higher education is a good thing, it is well that all have higher education, even if it be against their will. However, like many other things which look so fine on the surface, this matter also has its less attractive and ideal parts hidden beneath. It seems at first to be a very rash, if not unjust, statement to make that perhaps one half the pupils in our high schools and colleges do not belong there. Yet it is a statement very easy to prove.

All this was recalled to my mind on reading an item of news recently in the New York Times, which said in part: "Between 40,000 and 50,000 pupils in the New York City high schools are not equipped to do high school work, Dr. John L. Tildsley, Associate Superintendent of Schools, said to 500 teachers attending the in-service course of the Board of Education.... Dr. Tildsley recommended that the compulsory school age be moved back from 17 to 16, to prevent the 'prodigious waste of keeping in school boys and girls who have reached physical maturity and who are eager to be earning money instead of continuing in a school for which they have lost all zest.' He advocated the building of smaller high schools and maximum classes of thirty-four students."

One could go into this subject at length, for it is important and demands immediate attention of our

lawmakers. Suffice it to say here that our democracy in education seems to be based on the statement that all men are created not only free but equal. Like most popular statements this is quite false. We are not created equal either in abilities or rank or opportunity. In an average group you will find far less than half of them possessed with what educators call talent. God does not make us all fit to become professional men and women—doctors, lawyers, clergymen, executives, etc. Manual labor, which the Church, especially through St. Benedict and his Order, has so ennobled, is to be the portion of the many.

It stands to reason, then, that higher education which really is higher education is not to be for all. Many, many boys and girls have neither the talent nor the desire for it. Yet we in this country would force it on all. What are the results? They are many and disastrous. Chief among these, one may say, is that high schools are no longer high schools—they are not schools of higher learning but only slightly advanced elementary schools. What could they be otherwise? Consider the poor teacher who sees before him the heterogeneous mass dumped into his room from the grades; it is a mass of pupils ranging from the talented down to the very moron. If he must adapt his teaching to all, he must necessarily keep it to the level of the lowest. And so throughout the course all the rest are brought down to that level. Result: most of the graduates from our high schools could scarcely qualify for graduation from a sound elementary school.

Dr. Tildsley would reorganize the elementary schools; would divide the pupils into five streams. "At the end of the eighth year," he says, "I would send on to the high school only

the three upper streams, and the two other streams to special schools on the model of the adaptation classes of the present junior high schools, there to remain until they had qualified for admission to industrial or vocational schools; or, having attained 16 years, to be allowed to enter upon gainful occupation." Until some plan like this is adopted, we shall continue to waste untold millions of taxpayers' money and still have no education.

Deficit, Economy, and Pork

IT DOES not require a financial expert to realize that our government is continuing to conduct its business in a most unbusiness-like way. I recall that I read somewhere that it is going into debt at the astounding rate of \$3000.00 a second! The reason is quite obvious. There is a tremendous deficit; and instead of economizing, they are spending ever more money. All cry economy but none wishes to practice it in his particular case. There are two reasons, as far as one can see. The first is what is politically called "pork," the second is what might be called our "spoon-fed" population.

In political parlance the U. S. treasury is a huge barrel of pork, and when a representative or senator succeeds in putting over a bill whereby his constituents obtain a goodly share of this barrel, we speak of that bill as pork-barrel legislation. Of course, it is very conducive to a congressman's political life to obtain as much "pork" as possible for his district or state. And as most of these legislators have their own destinies very much at heart, it is the most natural thing in the world that they seek to take from this barrel more and more. Thus we have in the halls of Senate and Congress much loud-mouthed, righteous shouting of economy, balancing the budget, making up the deficit, etc., and at the same time an unceasing, un-

tiring program of legislative scheming and effort towards extravagance, unbalancing the budget, increasing the deficit. It is one of the strange and saturnine anomalies which might make one doubt the feasibility of representative government.

Another unaccountable anomaly is the fact that at the present time our industry and commerce has reached a peak of prosperity comparable to the boom immediately preceding the depression; yet at the present time, too, unemployment still shows appalling figures and the number on relief stays constant. Hence it is necessary for the present Congress to include in the year's budget a huge allotment for the relief of these needy. And herein is food for much darksome thought. There are mutterings among industrious people at all this, mutterings that take the form of statements such as these: 1) There are millions of people in this country who simply would not work were jobs as plentiful as flies in the summer; 2) The Government has spoiled a multitude of our citizens by relief; lazy and shiftless, they have been living in a quasi-paradise of inertia, spoon-fed by a paternal Uncle Sam. So why work as long as this blissful life can go on? 3) And this present prosperity, whence comes it? Isn't it perhaps because Uncle Sam has been playing Santa Claus with a lavish hand? No wonder we have prosperity when this rich Uncle spreads billions throughout the land. But—where does Uncle get the billions? From you and you and you. Egypt built its pyramids of stone; we, of taxes.

The Wagner Act

SO FAR it does not seem to be entirely clear just what the full effect of this Act, lately called constitutional by the Supreme Court, will have on industry. That it will operate to the protection and benefit of Labor is quite evident. And that provokes a thought. It is natural for us to sympathize with Labor, for we naturally regard Capital as having the money and the power, whereas it is Labor that has been exploited. However, let us keep in mind that Christian justice allots rights to both sides, as the Holy Father has well pointed out. True, some capitalists are greedy and un-

fair and cruel. But not all. So while we seek to curb the greedy, let us ever remember that capitalists who are fair need protection too. Unduly agitated Labor often does serious wrong by unjust trespass and destruction and curtailment of production. Emotion and justice do not mix well.

The Rise of Personal Government

LET ALL read and ponder well the address of the eminent Walter Lippman delivered at John Hopkins University on April 21. His thesis, that all power in government, legislative, judicial, executive, as well as that of the states, has gradually converged into the hands of one man, the President, during the recent emergency, and seems likely to remain there for all time, is well taken and well developed. If his point is true—and who can doubt it?—we are living through a change of the first magnitude, for it means the end of constitutional government and the beginning—of what?

"Peter Whiffen" Writes—and Retracts

Under this pen name a priest published about a month ago in a popular magazine an article in which he lambasted his fellow-priests in the United States for their activities in raising money, for their luxurious lives, and for their loss of sympathy towards the poor. The article, naturally, gained much attention; it was reissued in briefer form by most of the current digests, and thus was brought to the notice of a much wider circle of readers. Later it became known that this priest was an "ex"—that is, one who had been a religious and had deserted the ranks of his brethren. A brief notice in *Our Sunday Visitor* of May 9 will give comfort to Catholics; "Peter Whiffen, referred to in these columns two weeks ago, has voluntarily retracted what he wrote in a secular magazine, repents very much of the exaggerations contained in his article, and will return to his Order."

Aside from the fact that this last notice will certainly not reach all those who read his article, a few observations about the article itself will not be out of place. First, it is the common thing for those who are disorderly to have an axe to grind; those who have neither the humility

nor the courage to submit to rule are always the first to see the faults—greatly magnified—in the institution which they desert. And there will always be things on which they can use their axes, even in the Church of God, though divine and infallible. For we must always keep in mind that this Church, divinely founded and sustained, is yet of human material; as there was a thief and traitor even among the Twelve, so till the end of time will there be pastors of the flock who are venal, who put the spiritual part of their sublime vocation in the background and center attention and activity on the material. Even among worthy priests, there is not one of them in whom some fault may not be found; and particularly does one become the target for criticism if he is at all active. This is the universal experience of all who have striven manfully even in the cause of the Lord. In all of us there are imperfections; who will observe them more clearly and with more exaggerated vision than he of the jaundiced eye?

But why air them before our enemies? Such an article can do nothing but give them joy and smug satisfaction in their prejudice, bring pain and annoyance to the righteous, and correct in no way those who need correction.

Pageant-hungry America

TO ONE unacquainted with our humors it must seem strange that we have for weeks been devouring all that we can get concerning the coronation of the King of England. For, after all, most of us are not of English descent; England is no part of us. Yet its royalty seems to exert a strange fascination for us; more than ever the magnificent pomp of its coronation ceremonies seems to fill us with delight.

Looking deeper, we find no mystery to it. We simply discover that in every normal human being there is a love for grand ceremonial.

Small wonder, then, that the Catholic Church, the Mother of most artistic pomp, attracts those outside her fold. Small wonder, too, that the English coronation holds all eyes, for England with fine conservatism has kept the grand ceremonial in its coronation handed down from the ages when it was Catholic.

AT WORK AND PLAY

with our Boys

About two months ago the seminarians put their heads together and decided to make a club room out of the large recreation room in the basement. Accordingly the S. B. P. C. (Seminary Beautification Project Committee) came into existence. The painters from the Oblate School are now at work, and the stone for the fireplace has arrived. Believe you me, it is going to be one classy place.

On Sunday afternoon, April 4, the local Crusaders met in a joint session to listen to a talk by the Reverend A. Saffin on the subject of Communism. I say it was a talk rather than a lecture, because Fr. Saffin is admittedly averse to anything like formality. No sooner had he been given the floor than he came down from the stage into our midst saying, "I would rather talk to you than *at* you." Father Saffin has made a hobby of studying into problems of a social nature; and coming as he did from the Catholic Educational Convention of the previous week, he really gave us an instructive and inspiring talk.

Like Paul Revere watching "with eager search the belfrey-tower of the Old North Church," Seminarians have a way of watching that northwest corner room on the second floor of our building. For when the shades are up, and the windows are the least bit open, we know that a welcome mat lies in front of the door and the corridors will be lighted up like a miniature Broadway in honor of some visiting bishop or dignitary of the Church. Seminarians like to

have such visitors, because it usually means either a talk by his Excellency or a free day and sometimes it means both.

In the late afternoon of April 5, strolling around the grounds, one heard the comment, "The Bishop's here." Sure enough there were the unmistakable signs of his presence. Of course, this time it was no surprise, for long before it was common news that Bishop Schlarmann of Peoria was to be our guest over the feast of St. Benedict.

That evening down in the Assembly Room he gave us a little informal chat which was like that of a father in jovial mood speaking to his children, yet with something serious to say. As to the free day, oh yes, it was asked for and granted.

Ushering in Mission Day was the Minor Seminary's colorful presentation the evening before of the religious drama, "Sebastian." It was a play concerned with the faith of those early Christians who sacrificed all, even life itself, for Christ and His Church. With thoughts inspired by the play still lingering in our minds, Mission Day dawned. The outdoor program planned for the day had to be greatly curtailed because of the dripping clouds that persistently hung overhead; but judging from the almost magic rapidity with which hamburgers and ice cream cones disappeared it seems that the weather had no harmful effect on youthful appetites. Later in the day the skies brightened enough to permit the staging of a parade, a very galaxy of exuberant foolishness. The day's activities

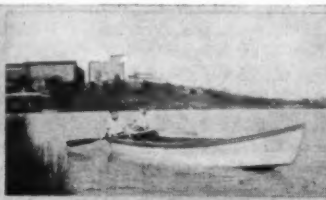
closed with a grand meeting, during which Mr. Lawrence Hughes of the Minor Seminary, the Reverend Mr. Fred Moore, of the Major Seminary, and Father Francis Smith of Morganfield, Kentucky, spoke. Each in his own way demonstrated how the motto of the Crusaders can be made a reality. "The Sacred Heart for the world; the world for the Sacred Heart."

....He gently patted the last bit of earth with his shovel and the crowd dispersed, slowly following the wagon.

But that wagon carried ice-cream; and that crowd walked slowly because of the hill; and that shoveler gently patted that last bit of earth because he was tired.

And so closed a chapter in the history of tennis court building on the Minor Seminary campus. The tennis courts are really matter of history. That is, if the W. P. A. be matter of history. The difference between the two lay in "thirty-seven and a half cents an hour." The work went on for four long years and was finally climaxed by a work drive which completed the remaining two courts.

Among the students' extra-curricular activities this year "Study Clubs" held a privileged position. Over half of the entire student body was enrolled in eight different clubs, whose study topics covered a wide range. Communism, however, was the most popular study topic. Missiology, a conglomeration of Catholic Action, the Liturgy, and the Missions came next in popularity. Other topics dealt with more purely mis-



Echoes from

OUR ABBEY HALLS

On Sunday, April 18, the monastic schola journeyed to Evansville to sing the High Mass and Vespers at St. Benedict's Church. Immediately following the Mass, Father Lambert, the pastor, led the choir to the school where an unbelievable banquet had been prepared by several women of the parish. As Father Abbot came to his place at the table, he was greeted with the song, "Happy Birthday to you." It was appropriate but who was the instigator?

In the evening the Schola sang a few numbers for the Little Sisters of the Poor. The program drew especially on the Introit and the Alleluia verse for the feast of St. Joseph, the patron of the Sisters.

From a sign that has appeared on the monastery bulletin board we learn that Father Kleber, a brother of Father Albert, is expecting further persecution from Nazi officials. Some time ago Father Kleber was arrested on trumped up charges and now it looks as though Hitler will try again. We anxiously await better reports from poor afflicted Germany.

There is much handshaking going on in and about the cloister walls in these fair Spring days. Appointments for the summer and for the next school term are making their appearance. But more about those some other time.

Father Thomas, how could you? After it is all over, you send us a



copy of the program you and your choir at Marmion presented April 14 at the Marmion auditorium. With the memory of your work at St. Meinrad fresh in our minds and with the program in front of us, we just can't get over the fact that we missed such a delightful musical treat. Shall we ever have a chance to hear your Palestrina choir of Aurora? At least tell us in advance if you happen to broadcast a program.

On April 21 Father Sylvester wrote some bad news from the Indian Missions. Father Daniel had just taken Father Boniface, who had suffered a paralytic stroke, to the hospital. The stroke, which had come on April 14, had been comparatively mild at first, but had gradually grown worse. Until a few years ago, when illness forced him to give up the strenuous practice of pounding Latin declensions and conjugations into minds less retentive than his, Father Boniface taught in the Minor Seminary.

While we sympathize with Father Boniface and pray for him, let's not forget this his absence still further decreases the missionary personnel among our red brethren. In order to carry on their work well these Blackrobes must have our spiritual and material assistance.

April 25. Were one easily distracted during prayer one should have necessarily

noticed the startled expressions on the faces peering from passing cars as the procession this morning wound its way along State Highway 62. Each year on the feast of St. Mark we all attend a Solemn High Mass sung in the chapel of our Lady at Monte Cassino. Since the feast fell on Sunday this year, a number of cars passed us enroute and evidently the occupants of these cars succeeded in getting an eye full. Likewise, since a number of years had elapsed since the weather had permitted any procession when the feast fell on Sunday, we were all more or less a little doubtful as to the proper procedure. However, the procession formed at 7:35 and proceeded just the same as usual. The students of the Minor and of the Major Seminaries took the lead, the Oblates, Brothers, Fraters, Fathers followed. During the march to the chapel, the monks chanted the Litany of All Saints. On the return trip each of the five divisions recited fifteen decades of the Rosary.

sionary subjects, as the Indians out West, and the Negroes down South.

While the basic purpose of the various study groups was to obtain a deeper knowledge and appreciation of the Church's answer to the modern irreligious movements and conditions in America, a secondary pur-

pose was to get Paladin degrees from the C. S. M. C. (Paladin degrees are honorary recognition of ten weeks of study on the missions, supplemented by a public achievement at the end of that time.) How well the clubs accomplished their purpose was shown by some sixty essays and

papers sent out by the various study groups to be read in the schools throughout the East and Mid-west. On Mission Day thirty-eight students of the Minor Seminary department received the Paladin degree. Others expect the honor before the close of the school year.



*Dedicated to the newly
ordained priests through-
out the world.*

At the GATES of CAMELOT

Thomas Murphy

"When all brave fellows would fight duellos with sword and dagger, with lance and mace; When good men guzzled until clean fuzzled, they'd reel and stagger about the place;— Oh, men had chances for true romances, for fame and glory, and knightly acts. . . . (And childish quarrels and beastly morals, if song and story would stick to facts!)"

DON'T YOU PITY the Hoosier poet that so ruthlessly stripped the world's most glamorous age of its romantic beauty? I do. When I think of King Arthur and his Table Round, of Lancelot, of Guinevere, of Galahad, I want to forget the rumble of heavy trucks, the smoke of the city, and to dream of knightly bands on senseless quests. The babbling brooks and sighing breezes bring memories of deeds that were chivalrous, for while not every knight was a paragon of virtue, their vow to "live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King" was an ideal of beauty scarcely known today.

It doesn't take a poet to appreciate the supernatural beauty of the Grail legend. But it does take spirituality. For the Grail is not a will-o'-the-wisp, not a chimera chased by idle, drunken knights; it is the sum of all that is noble and pure and God-like. The human heart longs for it, craves it, seeks it incessantly. Few are privileged to attain it, because few can rise above the earth, and the Grail is above the earth.

The Pentecostal season finds hundreds of young and gallant knights of the twentieth century at the Gates of Camelot. Twelve long years have they fought in jousts and tourneys; many a shaft have they splintered in their trying encounters; dozens of fellow knights who entered the lists with them have fallen on the wayside, have succumbed to the blows and buffets so numerous there. But the very thinning of their ranks only spurred the survivors on; they "couched their spears and pricked their steeds, and with plumes driven backward by the wind" goaded on their chargers, undaunted by anything, to the Castle of the Grail.

The ideal of their youth has been reached. Their feudal lord has taken their hands in his as a token of life-long obedience, and has dubbed them full knights of the Holy Grail. That glittering Chalice but yesterday beyond their grasp is now theirs, and with it a power unequalled on earth. It is worth the years and tears it cost.

To serve at Arthur's Court Gareth was not loath at his early age to leave his home, to conceal the nobility of his birth, and to slave as a scullion. He deemed it a good reward to see the splendor of the knights' hall. Neither have these candidates for the priesthood yielded to the false tinsel of the world; with "their feet planted on the plain that broadened toward the base

of Camelot, far off they saw the silver-misty morn rolling her smoke about the royal mount. At times the summit of the high city flashed; at times the spires and turrets half-way down pricked through the mist; at times the great gate shone only, that opened on the field below; anon the whole fair city had disappeared."

But on they went and still on, until today, the envy of their fellow knights still a-coming, they reach their coveted goal.

To those who have never experienced the attainment of an ideal this success means very little. But those who have struggled through the densest woods and wildest forests, across trackless plains and boundless meadows, know the feeling that comes when the haven of rest, be it only in a curling thread of smoke from a cottage chimney, appears on the horizon. Gratitude to every kind passer-by who directed their steps, a prayer for every good soul who lightened their load, are mingled with the joy of an end achieved.

The proud smile of a happy mother, the warm and feeling clasp of a father's hand, the sincere wishes of every friend who has aided the candidate to the altar—all mingle with his own "Thanks to God" as he opens at last the doors of the priesthood.

To these happy warriors *The Grail* bids a blessed quest within the hallowed city. May your blessings inspire those youthful knights eagerly riding toward the same fair goal with renewed hope and courage, that with the help of God and the assistance of generous friends, they, too, may soon stand at the Gates of Camelot.

Grant, we implore Thee, Almighty Father, to these Thy servants the dignity of the Priesthood; renew within them the spirit of holiness, that they may keep the rank in Thy service which they have received from Thee, and by their conduct may afford a pattern of holy living. May they be worthy fellow-workers of our Order, and may every kind of righteousness shine forth in them, so that hereafter, giving a good account of the stewardship committed to them they may obtain the reward of never-ending bliss.

Rite of Ordination.

CONGRATULATIONS

Proudly I treasure your friendship
Of the comradely days of yore
Tho now it rests with the trophies
I've won in life's battle and war.

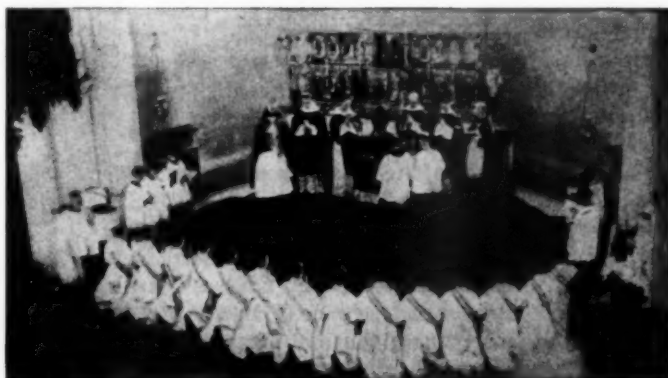
Then you were only a soldier
And I—just a drummer boy,
But the days I marched beside you
Are days I remember with joy.

I guess you thought the drummer boy
With his rat-a-ta-tat of chatter
Just passed the time and that was all
And your friendship did not matter.

Dear captain—the drummer boy
Has frequently offered a prayer
To Christ the Great Commander
That He keep you under His care.

Tho now you've been made a captain
And I—yet a drummer boy,
Still back in the ranks behind you
Send forward best wishes of joy.

Paschal Boland, O. S. B.



THE GUEST ROOM

by

Lee Barry

THE MAN was a burglar. Closing Angus Ferguson's attic door, he stood on the square landing above the servants' hall. One amber light below threw the scarecrow shadow of his legs against the wall as he crept down. The servants' quarters were unimportant; he had come for what was in Ferguson's room and in Mrs. Ferguson's crazy little safe. After that, the library. The man who had robbed Peter Greer of living was going to pay back, if not in years, then in those possessions which make living pleasant.

He paused on the second floor for bearings; right front, Ferguson; side left, Mrs. Ferguson; rear, Ferguson Senior. One window, unaccounted for in previous ground surveys, Greer had tagged as the guest room. He moved catlike up front. Twenty minutes later when he started downstairs his pockets were heavy. Then he thought about that window and went back, following the curve of the hall. Instead of darkness, a pool of light lay ahead. Greer stopped. There was a chance to finish the library and get away. But this room might hold something good. He went silently on until his shoulder touched the doorjamb. He saw a gray-haired woman in nurse's uniform reading beside a bed, which held the motionless form of a girl. A white cloth covered the girl's eyes.

Suddenly the woman looked up and screamed. With one stride, Greer reached her. Snatching up a towel he stuffed an end into her mouth. She looked at him with old fear-filled eyes, and when he tore the belt from her uniform to bind her hands, her arms already hung limp. The girl on the bed had not stirred. Greer saw that the room was a flop; he had wasted ten valuable minutes. But when he faced the door to go, a man stood there carrying a topcoat and a case.

The burglar drew his gun. He wasn't going to lose out this time. One bullet would fix this fellow. The man in the doorway shook his head, "You've got me, Pete Greer."

Greer started at the mention of his name. "Put up your hands. Get in here, you!"

The other set down the case and lifted his hands. He gave the nurse a quick smile. "At least you'll let me look at this child. I'm Dr. Wells. She's extremely ill. So you're getting square with Angus, are you, Pete?"

"Never mind the kid, and lay off names. You don't know me, anyhow."

Wells answered quietly, "I know you were once a clerk in Ferguson's office. You cracked his safe and got away with enough to live like a millionaire. Only you were caught, weren't you, Greer? Been in thirteen years."

Greer's face twisted in a snarl. The gun in his hand jerked, then steadied. "And when I came out—what? Can I get a job? Is my wife waiting? No! Gone, God knows where. What've I got? Yeah, and Ferguson getting greasier and richer every year. I was going to put back the dough when I'd cleaned up. That swine pays, now!" He moved forward, his eyes starting wildly from their sockets.

"Supposing I tell you you owe Ferguson something besides money—gratitude." Wells looked the ex-convict unflinchingly in the face as the gun pressed his coat. "Listen, Pete Greer. Your wife had a child and died. She didn't forget you or lose faith in you. She went out with your name on her lips. Angus took the

child and brought it up as his own. It's your child on that bed."

Greer's mouth dropped, then curled in a sneer. The doctor continued, "You may look at her. I won't move. I'm trying to make you see light on this."

Moving back, but still keeping his gun pointed in Wells's direction, Peter paused on the far side of the bed. Then he stared down at the girl. Her fair hair was spread over the pillow and her lips below the cloth were parched and colorless. The fingers of one hand curled upward.

"She's had everything," Wells's voice reached Greer from a great distance. "Music, clothes, schooling, fun. That's what greasy Angus Ferguson's done for you!"

The gun fell against Greer's thigh. His brow furrowed convulsively, "My kid," he uttered brokenly, "My kid!" Then he threw back his head. "Will she live?"

"I won't lie to you. She's very sick, but I believe Miss Caxton and I will pull her through. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson are rushing back from Chicago."

"Say, Doc," Pete wet his lips, "I'll put everything back. Will you give me fifteen minutes to clear out? I'm going away. Maybe I'll never see her again, but she's not to know what her real father was, see. Never!" He started unloading his pockets. An emerald and filigree pin fell unheeded as he spread the loot on a bureau.

"I'll give you more time than that, Greer. You can see the front door. It was open for me."

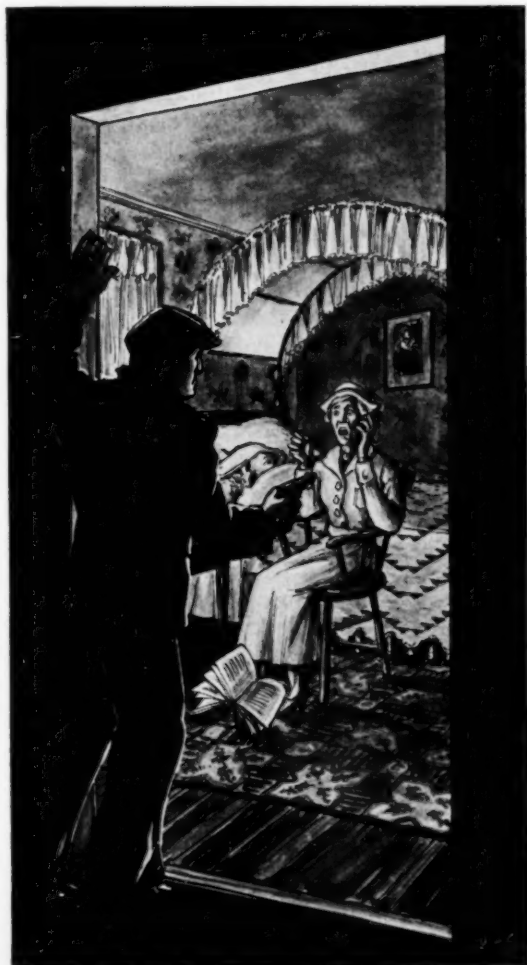
Pete Greer flung one last look towards the bed before he ran. They could hear his feet on the parquet floor below, then the slam of a door.

As Dr. Wells unbound Miss Caxton's hands, the head of the child turned, and the cloth fell away from her eyes. A blue, fever-brightened gaze was fastened on them.

"Daddy, I heard you," she whispered. "I heard. I want to see my real daddy." Then she was quiet.

The nurse stifled an exclamation, "Oh, what a pity she found out!"

But the doctor shook his head, smiling. "A pity? No, a new life for Peter Greer. The prayers of a child have given worse men than he the strength to turn back and begin again."



GOING UP?

It will cheer your twentieth-century heart to know that Christ is as modern as He is ancient.

Placidus Kempf, O. S. B.

SCREW an electric light bulb into a live socket and immediately it will glow with light. Plug your vacuum or razor into a live socket and both will hum with life—energy and motion. Screw yourself into the socket of grace and the result will be light to see what God wants you to do, and the necessary strength and energy to do it.

Modern inventions have divorced, much of the drudgery formerly wedded to man's daily life, so that by pressing a button or pulling a cord he can do almost anything—anything but say a prayer. Or can he say a prayer as easily as that? Well, let's see.

One of the Jones boys gets an inspiration—feels a bit dissatisfied with his past record, and would like to climb up on a pedestal and exchange places with St. Trombonius; but (and the "but" is the thing) think of the bloody martyrdoms, think of the foul and dreary dungeons, or what is worse to him, think of a life-time with a stern and pious face, a life-time deprived of mirth and jollity, that is required to get a berth like that of St. Trombonius. No, Mr. Jones, step right up and push the button.

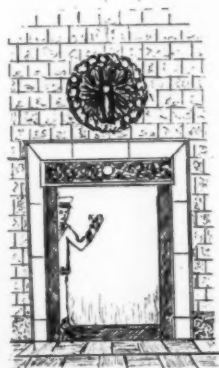
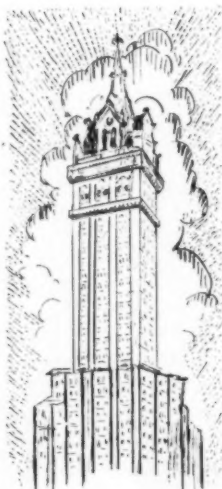
The secret of the saints was never their sorry aspect; nor their martyrdom; it was their happiness and cheerfulness under adversity. And it will cheer your twentieth-century heart to know that Christ is as modern as He is ancient. Eternity never changes, you know.

If your memory is real good, you can probably recall a story you once heard—yes, it was from the Bible—about Jacob and his dream of a wonderful ladder that reached up to heaven. Of course, we don't want to climb to heaven on a ladder, especially if that ladder is a ladder of difficulties. We should prefer something easier, something like St. Benedict's stairway, thickly carpeted and gayly illuminated. But no, we don't like stairs either. Well, how about an elevator? An elevator? Just the thing! But where is it.

You will find an elevator that will take you easily from one floor or degree of holiness to another in—the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Perhaps in the past you have attended Mass as a mere onlooker—as when you waited for an elevator and saw it go up without you. You were inactive. The Mass is a sacred *action*. Active participation in the Mass demands physical contact. Your body must be near the altar of sacrifice. Your soul must be there, too, and not at home, in the office, or hitchhiking for amusement somewhere in the wide, open spaces.

Before electric current can be converted into action or energy there must be contact. Someone must turn on the current. And would you believe it? Some persons are too weak or too lazy even to push the button which establishes the contact with Christ.

In every Mass our Lord takes what is given to Him at the Offer-



tory, bread and wine, transforms it into Himself at the Consecration, and then in the holiest of unions effects a powerful contact with the communicants which produces light and life. But remember He takes only "what is given to Him." Give Him your body and soul, lift them up on the paten at Mass and He will transform you. Hold up an empty paten and you can not expect Him to repeat the miracle of Cana or the multiplication of the loaves.

If the Mass, each Mass that you attend, is to be a spiritual elevator, you must each time make

an offering of bread and wine. How? Bread is made from flour—the soul of the grains of wheat. Wine is the life blood pressed from the grape. Both flour and juice are produced *under pressure*. Both are *changed* chemically in the process of baking and fermentation. Letting

the bread stand for your soul, and the wine for your body, and applying the pressure of self-denial to both (body and soul) you have an offering to make to Jesus—you help to change yourself into Him by laying aside evil habits and acquiring the opposite virtues. Are you going up? Step in, please.

AT THE OFFERTORY

As pours the priest the water in the wine
And dyes it purple with the precious vine
So that the server's undiscerning eye
Can nothing of the common water spy,
So pours the Christ His Own Life into me
Enriching with Himself my penury.
But can the most discerning passer-by
In me the presence of the Christ descry?

WALTER SULLIVAN, O. S. B.

Stop! Look! Pray!

AS WE TURN THE PAGES OF LIFE

our vision is sometimes none too good; not the physical, but the spiritual vision. Our judgment becomes warped. Principles that formerly were clear enough to us, grow hazy, and there is no legibility, no perspicuity. The business man who was always honest, begins to follow the crowd, making policy his god. The mother who was wont to attend to her household duties, finds herself wandering into the same net with the other sophisticated fish and sees strange things, such as birth-control, or perhaps divorce, with other fashionable vogues. The young lady, who used to go to frequent Communion, now is drawn away from even her bounden duties, and flirts with boys of unknown quantity, who are not even good Christians. The young man, who once was the comfort of his good parents, now contemns their advice, their warnings, their very love, and turns his ears to the counsels of drunken high-hatters and night-prowlers.

Sooner or later all of them discern their failing vision. What is to be done about it? Let it go on and grow steadily worse? No, certainly no. There is a heavenly Physician who once opened the eyes of the blind, who, if we go to Him confidently and pray that we may again see with clarity, will send us away beaming with joy and full of confidence in the work ahead of us, whatever it may be. To ask thus sincerely that we may see the truth is most pleasing to Him, for He knows that there is no success without the truth, as He said: "The truth shall make you free."

Henry Brenner, O. S. B.

IS THERE A GOD?

Suppose Robinson Crusoe would have discovered a horse in full harness on his island. Would he not have concluded that there must be or has been intellectual life on that island? Why? Because it requires an intellect to make a harness. But atheists think none is necessary to make the horse. That just grew from the laws of nature.

*As in all life the Cross
is not to be wanting in
marriage.*

After the Honeymoon - - - Marriage!

Hilary DeJean, O. S. B.

LIKE most popular sayings, this also is wrong: "They married and lived happy ever afterward." It is wrong, not because happiness is impossible, but because the happiness spoken of is neither possible nor even desirable in marriage.

For, as a matter of the reality of living, honeymoon and marriage are two different things. The popular concept of happiness in marriage is the usual thing during the honeymoon, which in many cases may last even a year or two. Joy unalloyed, delight in each other's company at all times, an eye only for the other's beauty and good qualities, blindness for any faults, a tranquil sharing of any troubles or difficulties—all this and more belong to the sweet period of the honeymoon.

Then comes the grim business of marriage. But is not this happiness to continue throughout the years of marriage? Happiness there should be, but not of the honeymoon type.

First of all, young people should disillusion themselves about happiness and marriage. Marriage was not instituted in order that people find heaven on earth—perfect, unmitigated happiness. Marriage is a serious, laborious, usually painful occupation, entered into by a couple with full deliberation and after a complete mutual acquaintance. As in all of life, the cross is not to be wanting in marriage. St. Paul, speaking by the Holy Ghost, says that they shall have tribulation of the flesh.

Then why do most people marry? Why do people go into this business which brings with it labor, worry, pain, and often tears? It is because God has so constituted human nature as to desire intensely the complete union of a man with a woman, and to desire intensely the reproduction of themselves in offspring. In

general it is good for man and woman to marry. Except in the exalted vocations requiring celibacy—to which God has attached special graces—what the Lord said in Paradise still holds true: "It is not good for man to be alone."

But how can God ordain a state for the greater number of people, yet make it so hard that human nature cannot sustain its difficulties? He can do so in all justice, because He has made marriage a Sacrament. Would that our young people fully understood just what this means to them in future years of married life.

In brief, it means this: that just as in the Sacrament of Holy Orders the young man who is ordained to the tremendous responsibilities of the priesthood receives special, powerful graces to help him throughout his priestly career, so also in the Sacrament of Matrimony, the young couple receive special powerful graces to help them through all the difficulties and labors and pains of married life. Yes, marriage is a serious business; but it is also a holy and exalted state ordained by Almighty God. He takes special interest in it; Jesus at Cana testified to this. Hence, too, holy Church would surround this Sacrament with special ceremonial splendor and give it her full blessing, especially to the bride who assumes the greater burden.

After the honeymoon—marriage. Can we wonder, then, that marriages not consecrated in the Sacrament soon dissolve, while those fortified with this special grace can withstand the labors and difficulties of married life? It is a point worth considering these days when our papers are filled with divorce proceedings by the hundred and thousand.

Corpus Christi at the Abbey

Benedict Brown, O. S. B.

CORPUS CHRISTI at St. Meinrad's Abbey makes an impression that lingers long in the memory. In May and June Nature is at its best. The verdure of the forest trees and the beauty of multitudes of bright flowers that bedeck hill and vale add charm to the great outdoors. All Nature is attuned and bids a hearty welcome to *Jesus Hostia*.

The feast of Corpus Christi is celebrated with pomp and solemnity to give exterior expression to the love that dwells in our hearts for the hidden God, Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

On Wednesday afternoon preceding, the six brazen bells in the twin towers of the Abbey Church ring out for a quarter of an hour o'er hill and dale in glad melody to announce to the countryside the joyous feast of the morrow, which this year occurs on May 27th. The monks assemble in choir to sing at four o'clock the rich melodies of antiphon, hymn, and psalmody of the first Vespers of the great feast. The afternoon has been spent in making wreaths and festoons of oak leaves with which to garnish the festive way along which *Jesus Hostia* will advance in the morrow's colorful procession.

If you are awake on Thursday morning bright and early, at 3:45 to be precise, you will hear the clamorous tongues of the monastic bells again burst into rich melody that echoes through the valleys and reverberates over hill and woodland. Again for a quarter of an hour their joyful invitation in varying tones and peals urge you to come to adore the Eucharistic Christ both at the morning Sacrifice and on the flower-strewn path of march. At the stroke of

four the monks in choir beseech the Lord to "open their mouths to bless His holy Name." Thereupon follows the chanting of the Divine Praises, the "work of God," as St. Benedict calls the Divine Office in the rule that he laid down for his monks. When the Office terminates the priests of the community retire to the sacristy shortly to emerge therefrom to offer up the Unbloody Sacrifice. Thirteen altars in the Abbey Church are occupied twice each morning whilst altars in four private chapels are also used at the same hour.

The solemnities of this feast, however, do not begin until 8:30 when Father Prior, accompanied by sacred ministers and acolytes, approaches the magnificent high altar to celebrate the solemn Mass. Immediately after this Mass the procession forms and gets under way. In this the faithful of the parish also participate in groups: little boys and girls, young men and women, married men and women, parish societies and confraternities; moreover, there

are some four hundred seminarians, lay brothers, and clerics of the Abbey in cassock or habit and surplice; add to these the subdeacons and the deacons of the Seminary in the robes of their respective orders and the priests of the Abbey, who, bearing lighted tapers in their hands, appear vested as for Mass. Then, beneath the canopy, carrying the golden monstrance with the Lord of Hosts, comes Father Abbot attended by his assistants.

As the long and dignified procession threads its way along the circuitous route around the brow of the hill, the surpliced band, composed of seminarians, alternates with

On each of the seven days that follow Corpus Christi there is a solemn High Mass before the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the altar. The day after the conclusion of this beautiful octave so rich in grace is the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Those of our readers who would like to take part in this novena of solemn High Masses, which ends on the feast of the Sacred Heart, are invited to send to the editor of THE GRAIL their intentions and petitions, which will be placed in an intention box at the altar throughout the novena.

the chant of sacred psalmody, while young virgins with flowing veils scatter flowers in the path of the great High Priest, who walks again among His children strewing benedictions upon them. The reverent procession makes a pleasing picture that lifts heart and soul to God on high and fills the mind with thoughts of the grandeur of heaven where dwell the saints in

glory. Benediction is given only once and that from the high altar after all have returned to the church. The elevating ceremonies of the morning conclude with the soul-stirring hymn "Holy God," which is taken up by the multitude. Hundreds of voices join in the gladsome song which fills the lofty vault of the church with its joyous strains.

POISON

BY THE

STICKFULS

Walter Sullivan, O. S. B.

JIM might have been reading anything else, but it just happened to be THE DAILY CATHOLIC TRIBUNE. As the cars jolted roughly over the elevated tracks, and the back porches of Chicago's tenement houses gave place to the freshness of Forest Park, and the suburbs, he finished reading the editorial and turned to his companion with the paper.

"Look this over, Clancy," he said, holding out the paper to his seat-mate.

Clancy came out from under a Sunday scandal sheet, and gave Jim a dirty look. "Huh? Me read that stuff? Say, Jim, put away that religion and read a real hot story," and here Clancy shoved a sensational headline under Jim's nose. Across the top page of the scandal sheet, blazed in inch high capitals, ran the suggestive title: AT LAST THE TRUTH ABOUT HENRY THE EIGHTH. A full length picture of the same King Harry and his six wives occupied half the page.

Jim gave it his bored attention for a minute, and drawled: "Bunk, Clancy, pure unadulterated bunk! Why waste your time on a lot of blurb like this when you can read a good Catholic paper, and learn something?"

"Say," Clancy turned sneeringly on the defender of the Catholic Tribune, and the Catholic Press; "Are you turnin' soft, Jim, or can't you take it any more?"

"Sure I can take it," replied Jim, smiling. "I'm no baby. I can read that stuff too, but I always feel like doing it standing up with one eye on my wrist watch. Look here, Clancy, put away that love triangle story, and read what

this editor says about interest in the Catholic Press."

"Lemme alone," Clancy, sliding to the end of the seat.

"Why, Jim, I wouldn't give the price of a good show for all your Catholic papers and magazines. Why, I'd sooner read through the City Directory from cover to cover than wade through them dried up stories, and moss covered articles which priests and nuns write. What do they know about life? Huh?"

"Wait a minute, Clancy," interrupted Jim. "Priests and nuns know plenty about the kind of life that really matters, the life that every decent man and woman ought to live. Maybe they aren't acquainted with the dirty side, but I ask you, Clancy, if your idea of life is a sight-seeing tour through the jails, slums, and alleys? Besides, Clancy, you're all wet about the idea that priests and sisters write all the Catholic papers. Plenty of capable Catholic men and women are writing splendidly in the cause of faith. Believe me, if the Catholic papers come short on dirty news and smut, they don't suffer by the oversight, and you don't miss anything by reading the Catholic dailies and weeklies."

Clancy threw up his hands in self defense: "Say, what is this anyway, a sales talk, or an argument? You're wasting your time on me trying to shove a Catholic paper down my throat. You know as well as I do, Jim, that even if the religious don't write the Catholic papers, they're the only ones who read them. That's O. K. for them. That's their line, I'm a

"To hear spiritual reading with pleasure."

Holy Rule of St. Benedict.

You wouldn't eat toadstools for mushrooms would you? You can kill the soul or make it sick on a diet of poisoned reading.

man of the world, living in the world every day."

"So what, Clancy?"

"So what? Well, I've got to keep up with the world I'm living in, don't I? The people I meet every day don't read pious editorials like you're holding there. They read the daily papers and magazines, and I've got to read them to or I'm considered a sissy or a pious fanatic!"

A fat lady across the aisle of the train looked up from her copy of the funny paper, and smiled heavy-jowled approval at Clancy, stared at Jim over her bi-focal glasses, and continued her absorption in Alley Oop.

Jim was not dismayed by the opposition. "I suppose you would go so far as to say that you would rather read the editorial lies and misrepresented news than read the truth behind the news in the Catholic papers? Anything to have something to talk about, even if you have to discuss a pack of editorial ballyhoo. Why, Clancy, even a poorly gotten up Catholic paper is flattering to a man's intelligence, but many of the papers which you champion so fiercely supposes that the average American is a moron."

"You can't give me that line, Jim," exclaimed Clancy, his face red with the flush of argument. "I read the papers, I listen to the radio, I know what's goin' on, and I know that the only place I can get the facts are in the paper. The Catholic papers are stale and old fashioned. Another thing, you're so cocksure that the Catholic papers have a corner on the truth. Where did you ever get that idea?"

"Don't get excited, Clancy," resumed Jim calmly. "It is not my idea at all. It happens to be the truth. As my authority I take the veteran non-Catholic correspondent, Francis McCullagh, who wrote the facts behind the so-called civil war in Spain after the American and British press had fooled the public. And by the way, Clancy, this Spanish war is a fair example of the lies repeated with deadly monotony in the daily secular press. Since last July you hear and read the words "civil war," "loyalists," and "rebels" without realizing as Mr. McCullagh informs us that there is no real civil war in Spain, but that the patriots of Spain are fighting their war of Independence against foreign French and Russian Reds. If you put Reds in place of "loyalists," and patriots in place of "rebels" and religious war for Independence in place of "civil war" you have the main facts, Clancy."

Clancy was impressed, but not convinced. He lit a cigar carefully, and watched the blue smoke curl lazily toward the ceiling of the car. The fat lady with the bi-focals eyed her champion of the daily papers with fatuous hope. In her agitation she lost her place in the adventures of Dick Tracy.

Finally Clancy spoke: "What I can't see, Jim, is how the Catholic papers know anything more about the news in Spain than the daily press which has some of the best correspondents in the world doing their work over there. There's Walter Duranty, for instance."

"I'll admit that Duranty's got what it takes, Clancy, but he has not given the straight news about Spain, just as he didn't give the facts about the execution of Catholics when he was in Moscow. Anyway Duranty is an Englishman, and it is the English press that has made one side in the Spanish war seem just as bad as the other. Most of our American correspondents get their viewpoint from the British. So what have you? It might interest you to know, Clancy, that the Catholic paper provided with an International News Service, supported jointly by all the Catholic papers in the U. S. A. If the Catholic correspondents do not escape the censorship, they at least are able to write the truth, and it remains the truth when it reaches the editor's office. I say it again, Clancy, if you want to be truly informed, read the Catholic papers."

Clancy shrugged his shoulders, and read listlessly the rest of the article on THE TRUTH ABOUT HENRY THE EIGHTH. There was a short period of silence during which time Jim extracted a cigarette from the case and lit it. It was Clancy who broke the silence at last. He did not admit that Jim was right; he simply stepped out from under the argument.

"Well, Jim, those are a lot of interesting ideas you just aired for my benefit. Some day I may subscribe to one of these Catholic papers just to see what they are like. Not that I don't think you are sincere, Jim. I know you are, and always were. But after all, I know my religion. I went to a Catholic school and learned the catechism. I read what I please."

"That's what you think, Clancy. You can't read what you please anymore than you can eat what you please. You wouldn't eat toadstools for mushrooms would you, Clancy?" Jim waited for the answer.

Clancy snorted: "Say, where does this toadstool idea come into my reading program? I don't see the joke."

Jim crushed his cigarette in the ash tray: "I didn't expect you to jump at the idea. But reading feeds the soul doesn't it? And if you can poison the stomach with toadstools you can kill the soul or make it mighty sick on a diet of poisoned reading and lies."

Clancy looked embarrassed as he replied: "You're getting on dangerous ground now, Jim. You're getting over to religion. The first thing I know, you'll be telling me its my duty to read Catholic papers and magazines."

Jim smiled as he answered: "You have got

a duty, and so has every Catholic to nourish his faith by reading Catholic literature.

Clancy stiffened as though he had stepped on the third rail, and turned a look of incredulity on his comrade: "I don't believe it!"

Again Jim smiled at Clancy. "Give it time to soak in, Clancy, for it's true. It's true because the world we live in is so rotten in morality, and so far from the truth. You can't read the yellow press day after day, and nothing else without being poisoned spiritually. You must take an antidote for the poison of loose reading, and the antidote is your Catholic paper."

"Wait a minute, Jim," Clancy interrupted; "What you want me to do is to stop my subscriptions to half a dozen hot magazines, quit buying the daily papers, and read nothing but mission magazines. I might as well enter the convent."

"Cut it, Clancy," broke in Jim. "You're getting funny now, and I'm serious. I never said you had to quit taking THE FRISCO TRIBUNE and THE CITY EXAMINER. You can even take the hot magazines if your conscience and confessor has no objection. But what I did say was that if you read many secular papers daily, or make your diet on the cheap magazines you ought to read a few Catholic papers or magazines to off-set the poison and the falsehood, and get the Catholic view point

on serious matters. After all, Clancy, you know as well as I do that the cock-eyed world sees things differently than the Catholic Church, and you and I being Catholics have a duty to see things in the Catholic way."

"Never thought of it that way," was Clancy's laconic comment.

"While the secular press in a mysterious and puzzling form of tolerance gives headlines equally to archbishops or gangsters, suicide scandals or Eucharistic congresses, the Catholic Press is pledged to the cause of truth and purity."

Clancy placed the stub of his cigar in the ash tray. He was serious as he turned to Jim: "I'm not so sure about all this, Jim. But I'm broad-minded. I'll think it over."

"Sorry," said Jim cheerfully. "Sorry if I seemed to preach to you, but you know as well as I do, Clancy, old man, that it's all the truth."

Clancy was fumbling under the seat for something: "Where's that editorial you was telling me about, Jim?"

The bi-focal fat lady rose from her seat with hurt dignity, and carried out of the car two bundles of funny papers which had held her divided attention for the last half hour.

If you are interested in the Secular Oblates of St. Benedict write or consult Father Walter Sullivan, O. S. B., Director of the Evansville Chapter of the Oblates of St. Benedict, 1312 Lincoln Avenue, Evansville, Indiana.



"And their eyes were opened."

LORD, THAT I MAY SEE

It was only after I had left the place and started to climb the road for home, only after I had regretfully passed the gates and turned around to look back that there dawned on me the greatest paradox that man shall ever know: the playground of life is the valley of death.

Before, it had been all so alluring; that is why there was sorrow on leaving. And then? Then it was harrowing; and there was a gasp of gratitude at having escaped.

I had ridden the thrillers, stepped eagerly into the car of the skyride which took such terrific plunges that a crash seemed inevitable. I had let the loop swing me over and over, until my head swam and my mind reeled. Contentedly I had drifted in to the cavernous passages of the mill of wonders, indifferent to where I was going—only that there would be fun!

And then! Then I was outside, behind it all!

Could that rusted, creaking structure standing there be the place where I had risked my soul's life? How close to death, to sin had those occasions led me!

That burred and straining wire of pride? Was it that which threw my body round and round? Why it might have easily given way to send me hurtling to ruin.

And the filthy stream of questionable companionship and the rotten boat of fallen nature—these were the things in which I had trusted myself to be carried, just for moments of startling pleasure.

Strange! strange how things could change. Change? No, for there had been no change. This it always was, but I had mistaken it.

Joseph Woerdeman.

HOSPITAL FOR THE SOUL

The Hermit

OURS is a day of specialization. Hospitals and clinics dot the land. Experts in every field of medical science with transfusions and inoculations tirelessly seek cures for all the ills to which human kind is subject. Modern sentiment is so centered on the attempt to escape physical pain that the idea of the material has all but effaced the thought of the spiritual, with the result that we sometimes forget the greater ills—those of the soul—in our flight from the lesser.

Shrewd old Rameses of Egyptian fame was a wiser man than our moderns. In his wisdom he established a HOSPITAL for the SOUL.

ΨΤΧΗΣ ΊΑΙΠΕΙΟΝ

that was the inscription he caused to be placed over the entrance of the family Library of Alexandria, the wonder of the ancient world of letters. The soul-sick world of today needs an introduction to the Hospital for the Soul.

Fortunately we do not need to await a million dollar foundation of a modern Croesus to establish this medical center. Rameses's Library, we are told, accumulated in the course of time more than 500,000 volumes. The ailing soul of today need not search in such a literary labyrinth for the attention it needs.

The Christian's Library, thanks to the printer's art, is now brought to him in one volume, the Book of Books, the Bible. Here in very truth is *his* Hospital for the Soul; and much more than that, a clinic for the treatment of every possible ailment, spiritual and material, from which our modern world is suffering.

Foundation

When we break away from the erring ways of modern experts (with a question mark after the last word), the origin of the Bible can be very simply

told. Moses laid the foundation of this greatest of literary projects, when at God's command he wrote "the words of this law in a volume" and ordered the Levites to "put it in the side of the Ark of the Covenant." This is Volume One, the first trace of the heavenly precious books now embodied in the Bible.

The successor of Moses continued the work, for of Joshue we read that before 1385 B. C. "he wrote all these things in the volume of the law of the Lord." A passing notice written about four hundred years later tells us that "Samuel told the people the law of the kingdom and wrote it in the ark of the covenant," as Moses had done. And the first Library to house these precious books was the Ark of the Covenant, which later was placed in the Holy of Holies, the inner sanctuary of Solomon's magnificent temple.

After the return of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity in the fifth century before Christ, Nehemias "made a *library* and gathered together the books both of the prophets and of David and the epistles of the kings." After a life of wandering and servitude the spirits of the Jews were badly depressed. They needed solace and encouragement and they found it in the Hospital for the Soul. "We have for our comfort the books that are in our hands."

From Moses to the Machabees, a period of about 1300 years, the forty-six books of the Old Testament were written, preserved, and handed on to posterity to be the guide of God's Chosen People in all matters, temporal as well as spiritual.

The Books of the New Testament

Our Saviour neither wrote, nor did He impose on those whom He had chosen to continue His work any

THE SADDEST POWER

WALTER SULLIVAN, O. S. B.

Will nothing take this power malign,
This power to hurt Sweet Love Divine
From my poor heart?

Yes, death destroys my power to sin,
And sets me free to live within
Love's Sacred Heart.

Since only death can set me free,
Come, death and dear eternity,
And, sin, depart!

precept to write. His mission was to *preach* "the Gospel of the kingdom of God," and the same mission was entrusted to His chosen disciples. The Apostles' oral instructions, their sermons and conferences, were recorded and eventually put together in the form of the four Gospels.

The Gospels tell us how Jesus fulfilled His mission; the Acts of the Apostles continue this

remarkable story, covering the period immediately after Christ's ascension into heaven.

And finally St. John, the aged seer in exile on the Island of Patmos, made his contribution to the Library, adding the last book of the Bible, the twenty-seventh of the New Testament. He calls his book the Apocalypse of "John, the servant of Jesus Christ, who hath given testimony to the word of God."



FRUITS OF FRIENDSHIP

"Tell me with whom you go, and I'll tell you who you are." Recognize this truth and select your friends. Appreciate the formative influence of friend on friend. --Why does not the Divine Friend transform our life? Because we do not really receive Him. Like the tramp at the door He is oft only tolerated, not welcomed. He is allowed to stand at the door and knock. We are bidden to learn of this Savior with meek and humble heart. Open your heart to Him in Holy Communion. Let Him in as Teacher, Friend, and Companion!

✠ Ignatius Esser, O. S. B.
Abbot



MY KINGDOM FOR A HOME

Lambert Enslinger, O. S. B.

1. *The Family Circle*

A CIRCLE is the most perfect figure there is. You'll know that if you have ever studied and understood the higher branch of mathematics called geometry. Since many have never studied geometry, and equally as many have never understood geometry, I'll not try to demonstrate the perfection of a circle by giving you its definition. Suffice it to show our appreciation of the skill required to make a circle by telling you a little incident from the life of Michael Angelo, one of the greatest sculptors and artists that ever lived.

He was once asked to give a delegation sent to him a sample of one of his masterpieces. Michael was busy at the time and without rising from his position simply took the stylus and with a twist of the wrist (without compass) drew a number of perfectly round circles. "Show these to your master and tell him how I did it." Michael Angelo got the job.

Anyone who can enclose a plane with a perfectly curved line, every point of which is equally distant from the center, is a master of his art. That, by the way, is the geometric definition of a circle. Only a master hand can thus draw circles without a compass. "Only God can make a tree"; only God can make a perfect circle. Thus He made the world of planets to leave His almighty creative hand like soap bubbles from a child's bubble pipe. He is the center of them all—the center of the whole universe.

When, at the incarnation God took His place in our midst, He became the center of the cycle (circle) of time. Are our dates not marked "B. C." and "A. D.," making the centuries pivot on Christ's coming? Like the point that is the center of a circle, God has no dimensions, no length, no breadth, no thickness—only position. He is the center of time and space.

Every family is a little universe of its own.

As from the great mass of created chaos God shaped the heavenly bodies, and they in turn hurled from themselves satellites of varying size, so from our first parents in Paradise have come forth the countless families of the world's history.

Whether we consider the family as a unit of a larger family—the State or the Church—or whether we consider it as absolute in itself, we must look for its center, and that center must be God. Nations that have overlooked that fact have passed into oblivion. Religious bodies that have overlooked that fact have wandered out into space to pursue, like comets, their irregular course.

Suspend for one moment the force of gravity, the centripetal force of the earth, and fragments will fly into space, with no semblance of order or unity. And so have families at times broken up into fragments and become unrecognizable as a circle. Their center was weak.

There is no force or power except God great enough to hold together the family circle. Love of kin is strong, common interests, and fraternal charity, these are helpful, but if the supernatural is removed from them, they lose their force; natural love dwindles first to maudlin sentimentality, then to indifference, toleration, and finally disruption. Common interests soon cease to be common, and the problem becomes one of "every man for himself"; charity without God is not real charity and can not stand the test of fire that is part of man's earthly trial. The separation that ensues is too often proof that the union was not, as is indicated on every marriage license and certificate, "according to the Ordinance of God."

To make God the center of the family circle means to raise our motives to a supernatural level. What seems unbearable because of human frailty often becomes possible, even easy,

to suffer when God's help is sought and His love made the motive. Broken homes and shattered lives are the result of unaided human efforts. St. Peter labored all the night and caught nothing, but when, at the word of the Master, he let down the nets, he caught a great draught of fishes.

Do you find it hard to support an aged parent, whose dotage causes you grave inconvenience? Do you regret having the children God gave you? Are you disquieted over a way-

ward brother or sister? Don't break the family circle! Strengthen it! Make God the center—the motive—and trust in Him.

June is dedicated to the Sacred Heart. What an opportune time to consecrate your home and family to God. In a prominent place hang the picture of the Sacred Heart; gather the family around it nightly and make there the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart. What a blessed circle that would be! Gladly would anyone give a kingdom for such a home!

— To the Keeper of the Doves —

Adown thru the trees all gilt with silver mist
Whose leaves were tipped with the sparkling jewels of dew
In early Pentecostal Morn I trod
Admiring all this handiwork of God.

For I must see the keeper of the doves
Before the rosy glow turns crystal clear
Divesting earth of soft and blushing light
As dawn again begins to conquer night.

And soon I saw the keeper midst his doves
Who fluttered from his shoulders to his hands
And ate the grains of wheat he gave them there
And drank the wine pressed from the cluster fair.

"New doves I keep of which you yet not know
And these I feed, their fledglings teach to fly,
Nor must not even one of them be lost
For they were bought with Life—the greatest Cost."

And then I understood the sheaf of wheat
And all the purple clusters in his hand
For now he kept the doves of One Divine
And broke to them of Bread and gave them wine.

Paschal Boland, O. S. B.

Jottings from a Science Notebook

H. S., O. S. B.

There are more than 6,000 shapes and sizes of tin cans.

Neckties woven from glass fibers have been produced in various colors.

Specially treated paper bags—nicknamed "paper tin-cans"—hold liquids indefinitely without danger of leaking.

Rails up to a mile in length are replacing the short rails for railroad tracks. Besides the smoother ride the rails are expected to cut expenses.

The inside of an electric lamp is one of the hottest and driest places on earth.



Tests by government engineers show that it takes twenty per cent more fuel to raise the temperature of a house from seventy to seventy-five degrees.

Glue that is stronger than nails is being used to replace nails in prefabricated buildings.

Japanese scientists have developed a bread flour that contains fish without the characteristic fish odor and taste. The food value is high.

A plan for breathing medicines instead of swallowing or injecting them is under consideration by French physicians.

LET'S BROWSE AROUND

Miriam Kreyle

TODAY'S browse was in a great old book shop just off the Avenue. Going into a good book shop is like wandering into an "afternoon" with old friends. You expect to meet some new people, you clasp the hands of the old friends with that happy feeling of understanding, and in a corner you spy a face or two that you will give a kindly greeting, but with whom you really have nothing in common. My first stop brought me to the section marked "biography," and what a popularity is enjoying! Unknown and forgotten heroes, humble folk who never live to see their name in print, have been resurrected from oblivion by the pulmotor of the copy-hungry writer. History gains much from the pen of the clever and sincere biographer, and the fiction writers gather the crumbs and serve them to us under the guise of an Anthony Adverse or Scarlett O'Hara. There are crumbs that might better have been swept out.

Biography has never been more interestingly and certainly never more truthfully written than in John Farrow's "Damien the Leper" (Sheed and Ward). He has made the gray island of Molokai a dramatic setting for the heroic little priest who cared nothing for drama but gave the greater part of his forty-nine years to a living "death before death" in service for the saddest of all God's sufferers.

Robert Louis Stevenson describes the island as "A pitiful place to visit and a hell to dwell in." But Damien had no time for self pity. He prevailed on a callous government to provide supplies and building materials. He brought comfort and aid to the wretched bodies of the lepers, and spiritual peace and consolation to their souls. His flock were his helpers and "their miseries were forgotten before the opiate of industry." The fruits of his labors the world knows, but Peter Farrow with his great knowledge of the South Sea Islands and his deep abiding faith has rounded out the story of a truly great saint. I like Hugh Walpole's comment; it bears repetition: "Now that I have read this book I feel that I have Damien as a companion for life."

The "Autobiography of G. K. Chesterton" (Sheed and Ward) brings to us an old and oft-visited friend. Now that he is gone we turn in thought again and again to the happy hours we spent with his loved "St. Francis of Assisi," to his glorious championship of the philosophy of "St. Thomas Aquinas" and to the brilliant deductions of Father Brown. Three months before he died, Chesterton completed what he called "the morbid and

degrading task of writing the story of my life." If it was a task it was a grand one, done in his best and wittiest style. There is something very Dickensian about the discussion of his family and forbears who, he assures us, were "respectable but honest." He even admits that whatever he became was entirely his own fault.

In the usual Chestertonian manner he passes easily from one great scene to another. Famous statesmen, many literary celebrities, his close friendship with Belloc, the creation of Father Brown, his journalistic career pass across the canvas of a full life, a rich life.

The outstanding event in Chesterton's life was his conversion to the Faith, and always it was the guiding factor of his every act. "I do not want the crucifix to be a compromise," he says, "I want it to be a blazon and a boast." In the second chapter "the Man with the Golden Key" crossing the bridge is given as the mere fantasy of a childish mind, but the writer who was nearing eternity knew that the bearer of the key was called Pontifex, the Builder of the Bridge, and "that such keys were given him to bind and loose when he was a poor fisher in a far province, beside a small and secret sea." We lay aside this final but most definitive work of the master-writer with a happy feeling that we shall return often to its rewarding humor and deep seriousness.

Though it has a place in the fiction section, "The Late George Apley" is told in true biographical style as a memoir of an old friend. It is the life story of a Back Bay Bostonian of the seventies, bewildered by the maddening antics of his thoroughly modern children. With consummate irony he pictures a society whose first consideration was the family name; a social creed that was as sterile and artificial in its conventions and demands as the present one is false and foolish.

There is much to be said for the Apley type of parent, who could spend long hours of each day writing letters of advice to his children, striving to keep the old ideals and principles alive and dominant in their lives, as they were in his. George Apley, bred in the rigid intolerance of puritanism, could still learn to respect and admire the progressive and aggressive "Irish foreigners" who gained political and civil power in Boston. You'll be amused at the strange old foibles of Apley but you'll respect him and close the story with an orchid for the author, John Marquand.

GIVE AND TAKE

Dear Editor:

My hearty thanks for the invitation to address your young readers. But from *advising* them I beg you hold me excused. I know that advice is as essential as potato salad at a church supper; it is necessary and serves a good purpose, but let your umpire do the advising, please.

Our young folks are to be congratulated. How fortunate they are in their schooling opportunities, the advantages they have over their dads in that respect. They step into a steam-heated room, many perhaps out of a palatial limousine. We had to walk a mile or more down a country lane with the snow knee deep and no path broken, in the face of a north wind—possibly had to build the fire after arriving.

Only a short time before I took up the study of McGuffey's First Reader, schools were being taught known as "Blab schools." You may not find this term in present day dictionaries, so I'll explain what is meant. A "blab school" was one in which all the pupils studied out loud and all doing it at the same time. I never knew where the system originated, unless it was handed down from the building of the tower of Babel. The multiplication table, instead of being recited like any other lesson, was sung to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

The bane of my life was reciting a speech on Friday afternoons—or any other time for that matter. If there is anything in this world worse than home-sickness, it is stage fright. Herein Daniel Webster and I had one thing in common. How often would I have preferred a castigation to "saying a piece," for I was used to that, but never got used to reciting. More than once how gladly I would have given some urchin a Max Baer punch in the nose for holding a book up before his face, shielding it from the teacher, but in plain view of me, screwing his face in all manner of grotesque shapes, each just a little

Ironton, Mo.

uglier than the preceding one, in order to make me forget my lines.

It might interest you if I relate the last instance in which I recited and said "finis" (in my own mind) to this business. The occasion was a box supper. I had arrived at that gawky age in life when boys were supposed to don their first pair of long trousers and imagine they can sing bass. For the occasion I wore a stiff bosom shirt with round detach-

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

In the interests of both youth and parents THE GRAIL has undertaken an experiment in this department. As announced last month we invite parents and youth to write their pleasant and unpleasant observations for the benefit of others. We cannot see ourselves as others see us, and it is possible that we have many faults that we could correct if our attention were only called to them. While it is not for youth to criticize their elders disrespectfully, no offense can be taken at well-meant suggestions. If the suggestions are impractical, or are pedagogically unsound, our kind old pilot will steer us aright. We hope this page will be the occasion of much happiness to all and a popular rendezvous for all our young readers.

A grand old father of five starts us off with a little pleasant reminiscing.

able cuffs, size 11 (and thereby hangs a tale), for if said cuffs had been size 10½ instead, I might have been able to get my coat sleeves down over them a little more gracefully, but when the cuff is the same size as the coat sleeve, well—how about it? Mother had starched my pocket

handkerchief until it was like a pane of window glass. The tie I wore (you don't see any like it nowadays) cost every cent of a quarter. The stage was four feet higher than it need have been, at least so it seemed to me. So when the curtains parted and I found myself parked in the center of it I felt like a "sparrow alone on the house-top" and I gazed out on what seemed acres of faces. My voice sounded unfamiliar to me, as if it belonged to someone else, and my hands felt big and heavy like Armour Star hams. The piece I was attempting to recite had to do with a shipwreck and was full of tragedy. About all the words I can recall are "Aye! Aye! sir, came the answer o'er the waters loud and clear." Now be it remembered I had reached that period in life when a youth's voice is said to change or break, so when I arrived at the place where I was supposed to shout, "Aye, Aye, sir," loud enough to be heard several furlongs off, my voice reached about the same pitch and (being scared stiff) quavered as the blast of a billy goat.

When an old man drifts into a reminiscent mood, who can tell where it will lead or when stop? What I wanted to bring to the notice of our young friends is that educational facilities have undergone many changes since the days when St. Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel. They have chances for success that we never dreamed of, so let them not be too hard in their judgment of their elders. We did the best we could under the circumstances; let them do the same. I was born forty years too soon.

I am very eager to see your letters from the young people.

Sincerely,

Five times a Dad.

A fine letter, flavored with the sweet odors of last century simplicity. Its moral recalls the words of our Lord to his apostles: "Blessed are the eyes that see the things which you see. For I say to you, that many prophets and kings have desired to see the things that you see, and have not seen them: and to hear the things that you hear, and

have not heard them." (Luke 10.23, 24)

But Dad, don't you think you'll have your young readers envying you and wishing they too could perform that miraculous feat of 'two times two' sung to the tune of 'Yankee doodle doo'? That was no mean accomplishment for 'ye old cave man.'

Come again!

Your Old Pilot.

Seven Hills, Arkansas

Dear Young Folks:

Have you ever wanted to speak to the whole world at once? That is the way I feel now. At least, I wish I could speak to all you young people. You won't mind my ranting a moment, I know, for I have a useful warning for you.

You young people, it seems to me, want to have as much at thirty as your fathers have after thirty-five years of hard labor that you might have the necessities of life. I have in mind a young man who in eight years earned \$20,000, besides a great many bonuses, and yet at the end of that eight years had nothing put away for an emergency. That seems to me to be rather a common fault with our youth. Am I wrong?

I am glad you are so progressive in business and I hope you will continue to meet with the success you deserve, but I fear for your extravagant living. I know you are not afraid of work. Much of your success is due to overwork.

If I am right, you should take better care of yourselves spiritually, physically, and financially.

A loquacious mother.

No, Mother, you are not wrong. That evil tendency in our younger generation to undervalue the 'where-withal' of life is worth some deep consideration. \$20,000 in eight years means about eight dollars spent every day! Adam! Adam!

Yet, if that young man had a mate, I just wonder how much of that eight-dollar-a-day spree SHE was responsible for! Eve! Eve!

Your Old Two-eyed Pilot.

Academy Immaculate Conception
Ferdinand, Indiana

Dear Parents:

Being just one of the millions of the younger generation and not near-

ly so experienced and worldly wise as you, I do not wish to dictate or criticize, but only to express the opinion of one younger than you.

I admire the parents who look after the education and religious life of their children before the social life. There are parents who worry only about whether or not their boy or girl will be the most popular. These parents do everything they can to make their child's social life a success. In the meantime they are sadly neglecting the real things of life.

How many children are filled with modernism and the lust of the world because the parents have not guarded their company-keeping, their associates, and their amusements. Where has the good old-fashioned pal-like attitude between mother and daughter, father and son, gone? Today they are just rivals in work and recreation, one trying to outdo the other. Bring back the home and the Christian family and you solve the problem.

I thank God for the good parents He has given me.

A Girl of Today.

Here is truly a sad reflection—"bring back the home." For it is easier to hold to something than to get it back when once lost.

Now, who can get it back? Certainly, only those who lost it—our modern parents. Or do they look surprised at the accusation? "How did we lose it?" they ask. I answer by statistics of marriages and divorces in the United States. In 1900 there was one divorce to every twelve marriages; by 1932 that ratio had changed to one divorce to every six marriages. Girl of today, beware of your elders' errors!

Your Old Pilot.

Louisville, Kentucky.

Dear Editor:

I am a young man twenty years old and have just completed high school. During the past summers I have worked during my vacation, but this year Mother will not let me. She is planning on sending me to college next September and wants me to rest during the vacation. Ever since I was in grade school I despised books, and have gone to school the last four years only under compulsion. Mother wants me to become a doctor, and I do not wish it. We

argue every day on the subject and it almost breaks her heart when I tell her I do not wish to attend school any longer. A position in an office is waiting for me right now, if I only could take it without troubling mother.

How can I persuade her to let me accept the offer?

A Reader of *The Grail*.

Tell your good mother the following true story, related by Chauncey Depew: "When I was a young man I was offered \$10,000 worth of stock in the newly-invented telephone; a friend advised me instead to invest the money in the telegraph. Had I followed my own inclination and invested in the telephone, I would now be worth \$200,000,000.00. Not all advice, no matter how well meant, is good."

Your Old Pilot.

Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Editor:

Why won't Dad admit that his sons can drive better than he? He doesn't even notice the noise when he shifts with his foot on the gas, and one just has to grit his teeth when he tears along in second for a whole block, and then says: "Who in the world used up that last five gallons?"

Although weaving in heavy traffic is dangerous at all times, still Dad doesn't mind whipping in and out wet streets downtown, while the back seat victims get paler and paler.

I have the rubber carpet worn out on the right side of the car floor where I hold down an imaginary brake when riding with him.

(And my father is not the only one who drives so thoughtlessly.)

A nervous rider.

Why won't he? That is one of the most tantalizing questions of today? You say you are nervous; but you are nervous because your father is nervous—that is what makes him drive so recklessly. Now, if you get at the bottom of that, you may find some solution. Why is he nervous? Why?

Your sympathizing Pilot.

Readers are invited to write their difficulties to the Editor of THE GRAIL. Please do not ask for a personal reply, since that would be impossible to give.

It's quite the thing...

Marion McKay

WHOOPEE

AND THE HANGOVER

IT WAS a delightful evening. The cocktail shaker rattled as it went up and down, back and forth. The iced highballs were served in tall, moist, frosty glasses. For the more hardy and hasty soul, the decanter was opened for a straight. The tiny glassful was tossed down in a gulp, followed by a cooling chaser. The vocal chords were saved.

But it's quite the thing, don't you know—decant, correct, good form. It's done in the best of places. Just a taste to lubricate the tongue, whet the appetite, and encourage conversation. Presumably, it lends a dash of distinction, relieves the ordinary, and makes the drab interesting. The small or large talk flows on and on like the babbling brook, creating about as much of an impression. After awhile, one becomes quite scintillating.

And the sophisticated youngsters follow the example of their elders. We leisurely sit back with an air of complacency. Our culture is assured. The etiquette was observed to a nicety. The party broke up pledging eternal friendship. The bannister is such a help.

Why not, after all? Drinking is no sin. Look at the great men of history who drank long and deep. It seems to have been a stimulant to achievement: goading on the tired mind; strengthening the fatigued muscles. Lincoln, when told that the cause of so many defeats of the Union forces was due to the amount of liquor they drank, replied that the Confederates drank more and worse.

Why not be modern about it? Everybody does it. Oh yes, the boss will object if your work is done carelessly. The high school principal or the dean of studies will fire you if he catches you. But nobody minds too much, just a boyish prank. It can usually be covered up. You simply have to keep up with the times.

The W. C. T. U. still battles bravely for a lost cause, striving valiantly to recover the ground it has lost. The Volstead Act was passed and repealed by constitutional amendments. After the passage, it was the smart thing to carry a flask and know the way to the

second floor by a back stairs. After a repeal, it was within the law, and the novel became the accepted and approved. The commonplace was given a new charm and dignity.

There lies a fallacy in such superficial statements. The danger is the possibility of acquiring an undesired and undesirable habit. Habit, you know, has the force of an oft repeated act in its strength. What might at first be a bit of sociability becomes an overpowering and ingrained habit. The first silken thread is easily snapped; a sufficient number can prove an unbreakable bond. The senses are dulled. The mind is fogged. The body is debased. Exhilaration becomes degradation.

Then there is the practical side to drinking. It can be very costly. Food and clothing for the family are not unimportant. But just a last toast to the season and for old time's sake. The parents live frugally, denying themselves many small luxuries to put the child through school. Alas, he frequents the bar and not the library: the company is more intriguing. Regrettably, one's duties are not so easily tossed off.

It would be frightfully old fashioned and out-of-date to mention the fact there is a spiritual angle to this topic. There still remains the virtue of temperance, self-denial, and the obligation of avoiding the occasion of sin. If one would follow Him, "Let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily." Since we are battling for heaven we must strive violently, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent bear it away." The World teach such a doctrine? Gracious no! There will always be a struggle between the World and the Spirit. The cord still binds.

The World goes on steeped in its pleasures satisfying its revelers. The glasses clink and jingle. The body is refreshed. The mind is revived. The glass manufacturer replaces the broken crystal; the distillery replenishes the depleted cabinet; the government collects the taxes. Everybody's happy. But don't forget—you have to pay the price.

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